

some cotton waste he had on hand, binding it up with strips of the fringed shawl, in lieu of any thing else. And all the while the girl sat quietly, as some hurt animal, mutely grateful for the kindness that hurt even while it healed.

"Here," said Andre, finally, as he rose from one knee beside her. "It's a mighty good thing the bullet went through, and let the bone alone. What made you come way down here to me to get it bound up?"

"I don't know. I didn't want to go back to camp."

"Oh, then you're from the gysies' camp?"

His tone took on fresh interest. He had heard from some of the wood cutters that a band of gysies had passed through the valley that week, on its way north for the summer. She nodded her head, her eyes looking at him with a sidelong glance of admiration.

"I have no money," she said, softly. "I cannot pay you. But I will tell you your fortune."

Andre flushed slowly, and stepped back into the cool, green gloom of the savannil.

"Thanks," but I don't take much stock in that sort of— He was going to say tomfoolery, but the serious look in her eyes stopped the word on his lips. "That sort of magic. I don't believe in it."

"Ah, but it's true, true as the stars, true as life—in that word you hear there. Come here, and let me prove it to you."

She took his unwilling hand, and pulled him towards her. Her bright, dark eyes bent over the grimy, strong young band. And there in the old saw-mill, with the glory of the spring breaking the bonds of the mountain life about them, Andre Marnier listened, while the magic woman told his fortune.

"Hand says you are strong, strong in body, strong in heart, strong all ways. Hand says you leave all the world behind you, and follow, follow something that leads you up here. Hand says it will work its own for you, win its own prize, hold its own forever." Her voice sank a bit lower. "Heart says when it finds its own it will keep her too."

"Say, can't you tell me about the

Deeds issued upon the sale of these lands shall contain recitations as to the following:—

1. Moving and excepting out of the conveyed and always reserving unto the State of Michigan all mineral and all other rights and interests in and to the lands hereby conveyed, with full and free liberty to the State of Michigan, its successors and assigns, its duly authorized officers and agents, and its representatives and assigns, and its officers and assigns, and all other persons by its written authority or permission, whether at any time and from time to time, to enter upon said lands and take all necessary steps and measures for exploring, mining, working, piling, digging, searching, and obtaining all the said mineral coal oil and gas, and all other rights and interests in and to the lands hereby conveyed, and for taking merchandise and taking away the same.

2. And deeds for all lands along watercourses and for all lands along the shore of any lake, river, or stream, shall contain a provision reciting that the grant is made in express and gross over and across the same, and that the grant is made in accordance with the provisions of Section 8 of Act 230 of the Public Acts of 1909.

[illegible]

See other has been requisitioned for the adornment of fashionable femininity attire. Heretofore it has been exclusively reserved for the use of men, no doubt on account of its weight and durability.

Trouble Caused by Oil.

The pious wish expressed by Senator Jeff Davis that Mr. Rockefeller might be burnt eternally with his own oil recalls a petition presented to the United States congress in the early days of the Standard Oil Company. The petitioners prayed that a storm might be put to the irreverent and irreligious proceedings of the trust in drawing such enormous quantities of petroleum from the earth and thus checking the designs of the Almighty who has sown it there with a view to the eventual destruction of the world.—Chicago News.

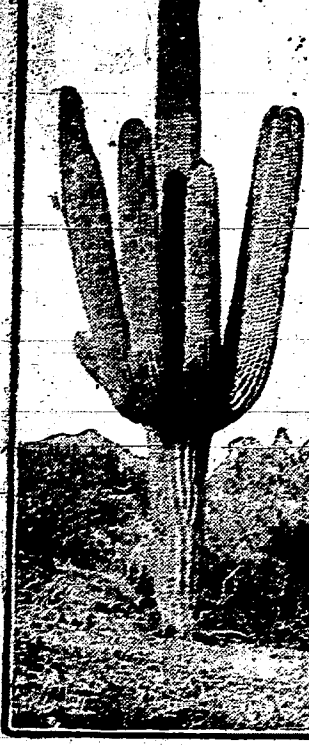
unusual demand for their services from interfering with the regular celebration of mass, the clergy disposed of the candidates for wedlock in batches of ten and twenty at a time.

Unity Lodge No. 1362 M. E. A.
Meets the first and third Thursday of each month in the Maccabee Hall.

Secured
Fast
Growth

Deserts of the United States and Mexico

By DR. DANIEL L. MAC DOUGAL
Director of U.S. Department
of Botanical Research



THE DESERT PLAIN OF LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

wood. Apparently the presence of an excess of gypsum is prejudicial to the growth of the mesquite.

The bottoms among the dunes have a dense vegetation as compared with that of the dunes themselves. It is characterized especially by the presence of a grama grass (*Bouteloua*), forming almost a turf, and by frequent clumps of *Ephedra* of a grayish purple color at this season and with three scaled nodes. These bottoms usually show no sign of moisture, but in two places we found water holes, the water so alkaline that the horses would not drink it at the end of their first day's drive.

Probably the most extraordinary product of the Sonora desert, west of Torres, Mex-

Echinocactus was represented by a half-dozen species, of which one, *E. grande*, is undoubtedly the most massive of all the genus, being as much as 8 or 10 feet in height and 20 or even 30 inches in thickness, which, with the many convolutions of its surface, makes it a very grotesque feature of the scenery.

E. flavescens forms small heads in clusters, while *E. robustus* colonies 10 or 15 feet across, making mounds 5 or 7 feet high, include hundreds of heads.

No systematic account of any desert is to be found in which the storage function appears so highly developed and by so many species. Of course all of the cacti exhibit this feature in a very marked degree, and a single plant of *Pilocereus fulviceps* may retain several hundred gallons of water. The large stems of *Yucca*, which is a prominent member of the flora of the slopes,



UCSON has a climate of a thoroughly desert character, and a flora including mountain and plain, rich in species and genera. In addition to its situation in the heart of the desert of Arizona, it is centrally located, both as to position and transportation, with references to the deserts of Texas, Chihuahua, New Mexico, California and Sonora.

The University of Arizona, with its School of Mines and the Arizona Agricultural Experiment Station are located at Tucson.

Not the least of the advantages of Tucson as a center for the activities of the government desert laboratory is the broad-minded comprehension of this important of the purposes of the institution evinced by the citizens, accompanied by an earnest desire to cooperate in its establishment. This appreciation was expressed in the practical form of subsidies of land for the site of the building and to serve as a preserve for desert vegetation, the installation and construction of telephone, light and power connections, and of a road to the site of the laboratory, about two miles from Tucson. This spirit of hearty co-operation has animated every organization in the city, and has enabled the laboratory to gain control of a domain of 500 acres of the greatest usefulness for general experimental work.

Extending northward for nearly 100 miles from El Paso is the noted Jornada del Muerto (Journey of Death), which has a width of 30 to 40 miles. It formed a portion of the route connecting the earliest settlements along the Rio Grande, and here the traveler was compelled to leave the stream far to the westward, in its deeply cut, inaccessible canyon, and toil for two or three days in the burning heat without water, except such as might be carried. It was for three centuries one of the most menacing and hazardous overland journeys to be encountered in the American desert. The conditions, however, have shown that the region traversed is in reality a basin, and that water is to be found, as in many other deserts, within a reasonable distance of the surface.

Beyond lies an equally remarkable desert, the Otero basin, which is the bed of an ancient lake, and is noted for a great salt and soda flat, a lake, and, most striking of all, the "White Sands," an area of about 300 square miles covered with dunes of gypsum sand rising to a maximum height of 60 feet.

The surface of the dunes is sparkling white, due to the dry condition of the gypsum powder, but a few inches beneath it is of a yellowish or buff color and is distinctly moist and cool to the touch, even when the air is extremely hot.

The most characteristic plant of the dunes is the three-leaved sunflower (*Rhus trilobata*), which occurs in the form of single hemispherical bushes four to eight feet high, the lower branches hugging the sand. The plant grows vigorously, the trunk at or beneath the surface often reaching a diameter of three inches. The binding and protecting effect of this bush is often shown in a striking manner when in the cutting down of an older dune by the wind a column of sand may be left protected above from the sun by the close covering of the branches and leaves, and the sand in the column itself bound together by the long, penetrating roots. One of these columns was about 15 feet high from its base to the summit of the protecting bush and about 8 feet in diameter at the base.

A marked peculiarity of the White Sands is that a cottonwood is occasionally found in the lower dunes, reaching a foot in diameter, but seldom more than 15 feet in height; yet at the same time not a mesquite was seen. The mesquite is a tree requiring less moisture than the cotton-

wood, is the *guarequi* (*Lycium* sp.), a shrubby plant whose joints are thickened root and stem, these lie gray and half exposed upon the ground beneath some trailing shrub. These tuberous formations may be seen during the dry season lying about wholly unadorned as the slender roots, leaving with the close of the vegetative season, which lasts but a few weeks.

In February, 1902, some of these tubers were taken to the New York Botanical garden, and a large specimen not treated in any way was placed in a museum case, where it has since remained. Annually, at a time fairly coincident with the natural vegetative season in its native habitat, the major vegetative points awaken and send up a few thin shoots, which reach a length of about two feet, where they do not obtain sunlight. After a period of a few weeks they lie down again and the material in them retreats to the tuber to await another season. Successive periods of activity have thus been displayed by this peculiar plant with no apparent change in its structure or size. It does not seem unreasonable to suppose, therefore, that the *guarequi* is a storage structure of such great efficiency that water and other material sufficient to meet the needs of the plant for a quarter of a century are held in reserve in its reservoirs.

The morning glory (*Ipomoea arborea*) is here a tree 20 to 30 feet high, with smooth, chalky gray trunk and branches. During February it is leafless throughout, while its large white flowers open one by one at the ends of the naked branches. From its white bark the tree is sometimes known as *palo blanco*, and from the gum or resin, which exudes from incisions made in it for the purpose and which is used as incense in religious ceremonies, it is also called *palo santo*.

One of the striking features of the Tehuacan desert of southern Mexico is the extreme localization or stentness of colonization exhibited by many species which are found to cover an area of a few square yards, the face of a slope, the crest of a cliff or the floor of a barranca, with no outliers, and with the nearest colony perhaps many miles away.

The Cactaceae are more abundant here than in any other part of the world yet visited, several of the species being massive forms.

Gophaloceros macrocephalus is a tall species of the massiveness of the saguaro, and like it having a central shaft bearing numbers of branches which are more closely appressed. It was seen only along the cliff near the Rancho San Diego, along the eastern edge of the valley.

Pilocereus fulviceps, of more general distribution on slopes, has a series of branches, in many instances 40 or 50 in number, densely clustered and arising from a short trunk, which barely rises from the ground before it branches.

Scouting Indians have long used the bisnaga, and a drink may be obtained in this manner by a skilled operator in five to ten minutes. Some travelers are inclined to look with much disfavor on the liquid so obtained, but it has been used without discomfort by members of expeditions from the desert laboratory. That it is often preferred by Indians to fair water is evidenced by the fact that the Whipple expedition found the Mohaves near the mouth of the Bill Williams river, in 1853, cooking ducks and other birds in the juice of these plants by means of heated stones dropped into the cavity containing the pulp.

Deer and peccary are abundant in deserts in Sonora in which the only available supply of open water is to be found in the cacti.

Man and his most constant companion on the desert of America, the horse, are comparatively poorly equipped against the rigors of the desert.

A horseman may go from the morning of one day until some hour of the next in midsummer and neither he nor his horse will incur serious danger; experiences of this kind are numerous. If the traveler is afoot, abstinence from water from sunrise to sunset is a serious inconvenience to him, and if he continues his journey, the following morning his sufferings may so disturb his mental balance that he may be unable to follow a trail, and by the evening of that day, if he has not come to something drinkable he may not recognize the friendly stream in his way. Instances are not unknown in which sufferers from thirst have forced streams waist deep to wander out on the dry plain to grisly death.

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OASIS OF PALMS IN THE MOUTH OF A CANYON, COLORADO DESERT



PARAGUAYAN DRINKING FROM A CACTUS

ARIZONA VINE THE GUAREQUI

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What to Do Before the Doctor Comes

Contusions or Bruises
By DR. W. H. BAILEY
of the Kansas University Medical School at Kansas

Contusions are those injuries to the tissues of the body caused by their coming in contact with some blunt object. In simple or slight contusions the injury is confined to the area very closely surrounding the point of contact. In severe contusions the systemic effect or the shock produced may cause immediate death. In a contusion the external skin surface is not broken and only the underlying structures show evidence of injury. To a greater or less extent a contusion accompanies lacerated and incised wounds (where the skin is broken) and in many cases it is a very serious complication. Any of the structures below the skin may be injured by a contusion as the tearing of muscle fibers, rupturing of blood vessels, paralysis of nerves or crushing of bones.

The part injured is tender on pressure and painful on movement. Swelling may take place at once from the rupture of a blood vessel or after a short time from the collection of serum to the part. There is always a certain amount of shock produced which in some cases, as some contusions of the abdomen, may cause immediate death. After a few days, in most instances, the blood from the ruptured blood vessels finds its way towards the surface and the skin becomes discolored. This is very noticeably shown in cases of "black and blue" eyes. Sometimes the tissues have been so denuded that they break down and slough away or become infected and are destroyed by that means.

Preventive Measures. As preventive measures for contusions, never strike any one about the head, face, or body, especially in the abdomen. Nearly every one knows how easily his wind may be "knocked out" even by a light blow in the side.

In games, such as football, where contusions are liable to be frequent, protect the body by guards and pads as much as possible.

Treatment. The best treatment for the contusion itself is absolute rest of the part for a short time. This may be protected by bandages, slings, splints or putting the patient to bed. Firm bandaging lessens the amount of swelling and favors its reabsorption. Cold is the form of icebag or cold water placed on the part affected to lessen the swelling. Considerable caution must be used in the application of cold as the tissues are always a little devitalized by the contusion and the added slowing of the circulation by the cold may cause them to die and decay. Therefore, if the tissues appear to have a low vitality, they should be kept warm by being surrounded by hot water bottles and covered with warm blankets and other covers.

After a few days the part should be massaged, kneaded, and moved about slowly at first but with increasing force. Rubbing with some liniment as witchhazel, arnica or soap liniment may also help some to improve the conditions at this time.

When the Shock is General. If the general shock is at all severe it must be treated by stimulants as aromatic spirits of ammonia, brandy or strong coffee. The patient must be kept warm by covers and some form of artificial heat as hot-water bottles or heated bricks. If breathing has stopped, as is so often the case in blows on the stomach, artificial respiration should be given at once and maintained continuously until the patient is able to breathe normally. Methods of artificial respiration will be given when treatment of drowning is considered.

A physician should be called in all cases where the shock is at all marked, as some serious injury may have been done to some of the internal organs.

Wounds of the Skin. Wounds of the skin and tissues may be of three kinds, first, tears (lacerations) made by a fairly blunt instrument as a stone, cuts (incised wounds) made by a sharp instrument as a knife or piece of glass; and third, puncture wounds made by some article of relatively small diameter as a splinter or a bullet.

The dangers of wounds of the skin are infection, inflammation, bleeding (hemorrhage) from some wound, blood vessel destruction or cutting of some nerve, the cutting of some muscle or bone, and the wounding of some internal or vital organ.

Death may result from an increase of the infection to a general blood poisoning (septicemia), or from bleeding (hemorrhage), or from injury of some vital organ as the brain. Deformities and ugly scars sometimes follow the healing of such wounds. Wounds quite frequently accompany sprains, and fractures and dislocations.

Preventive Measures. In order to prevent wounds we should be very careful while handling sharp tools. Never allow children to play or run with open knives, sharp sticks or broken glass. Never throw a stone or any other object at anybody, no matter whether it is loaded or not, because too frequently it is the guns that are not loaded that go off and injure people.

Treatment. In treating wounds it is a good plan to allow them to bleed freely for a short time, if they will, as some of the germs (bacteria) which are almost always carried into the wound by the instrument that makes it may be washed out in this way. If this bleeding is very excessive or long continued it should be stopped. Methods of stopping bleeding will be given in a later paper. After the bleeding has stopped the outside of the wound should be washed and if it is not deep, the whole wound should be washed with hot water. Some mild antiseptic or disinfectant may be added to the water, as bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), so that the solution is of about the strength of one part of the bichloride to 1000 parts of water (1:2000); enough boric acid (boracic acid) to make a saturated solution about 1 part to 5 or 10 parts of water (1:5 or 1:10); or carbolic acid (phenol) so that there is 1 part of carbolic to 50 parts of water (1:50). A person before attempting to clean out a wound should first wash his own hands thoroughly in boiled water and soap for at least three minutes continuously, so as to get off all the germs. Do not use dirty rags or cotton waste to wash out

the wound because you are liable to wash in more germs than you wash out. Always use clean cloths that have been washed and ironed or heated in a hot oven for five or ten minutes, or they may be boiled at the same time that the water is heated.

After the wound has been cleaned out, or if deep its outer surface washed, apply a dressing of some soft clean material prepared in the same way as for washing out the wound and it may be put on either dry or moistened in the antiseptic solution used.

When possible it is better to apply some sterile gauze dressing similar to that kept at most drug stores. The dressing is kept in place of a snug bandage.

In case of a splinter or other foreign body in the skin, remove all of it before applying dressings, if possible. If not able to remove all of it, apply dressing and have the patient see a physician. In cases of a bullet wound never probe around in the wound to try to find the bullet, but be satisfied with cleaning out the outside of the wound and applying a clean dressing. Then have the patient see a surgeon at once. Never put tobacco juice or four or spider web or anything similar on a wound of any kind.

Pliny's Standing Joke. In his "Natural History" Pliny made a standing joke for centuries by telling how ancient deep-sea divers poured oil on stormy seas to quiet them. Benjamin Franklin, printer, Republican, revolutionary, kite-flyer, electrician, physicist, natural philosopher, lack of all great deeds, was the first to clear up the oil and troubled waters question. In 1751 at sea he saw the wakes of two of the ships that seemed smooth as glass in a whitecap sea. The skipper "gusted" the cooks were emptying their pails of water through the scupperns. Franklin first thought it a sea joke, a tale for the marines, but never forgetting anything, he remembered Pliny's divers story. Years later at Clapham on a windy day he poured a teaspoonful of olive oil on the half-acre of stormy pond water and still the pretty pond tempest, even as a miracle in Holy Writ. Franklin then bore such a reputation that none dared question when he described the smooth sea as a looking glass experiment in the Royal Philosophical Transactions.

Desperate. "There comes Tupper. I believe he's going to tell us another funny story."

"Heaven's! I hope an automobile will strike us first."

Now is the time to buy your Christmas presents early.

Avoid the Moon's Rays

The majority of Porto Ricans have distilled in them from earliest infancy a superstitious dread of the full moon's rays. It is a curious sight to the American visitor to note men and women going along the streets and highways of the island with umbrellas raised over their heads at night, and the more brilliantly the moon is shining the greater will be the number of people who are thus protecting themselves from her beams," said a visitor recently returned.

Out in the sequestered rural districts a gay mounted cavalier will be met at midnight, his bride rein in one hand and an upraised umbrella in the other. It looks weird and also ridiculous, but the natives do it for a peculiar reason. They are possessed of the conviction that Luna's full light, shining upon mortals is almost sure to make them mentally unsound, that is to say lunatic, and that is why they interpose a shield between them and her dazzling brightness. To sleep where the moon could shine full upon one is, in the view of a Porto Rican, to tempt fate, and it would be a daring one who would be hired to do it for any consideration.

Something the Matter With George. "I don't know what to make of my nephew George," remarked the elderly professor. "He has such queer, contradictory tastes in music."

"Yes?"

"Yes! I came upon him a little while ago and he was whistling in a dreamy sort of way the wedding march from 'Lohengrin.' As soon as he saw me he looked confused and changed it to Kelly."

What He Gained by Promptness. Morganstern - Lukeout wouldn't have married an heiress if he had postponed his marriage a single day.

Morganstern - The day after the marriage the father of the bride failed.

USED HYPODERMICS.

Only Relief From Terrible Suffering.

Thomas E. Vent, 1505 E. 12th St., Terre Haute, Ind., says: "I had no control over the urine and the pain when voiding it was so great I often wept and lay in bed for weeks, the only relief being from hypodermics."

treated by three physicians without help and the last one said an operation was necessary. At this time I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and passed a gravel stone as large as a pea. The next day I passed two more and from then on improved rapidly until cured."

Remember the name - Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

In a Hurry. It was Anna's first visit at the seaside. She was only a little girl, and very enthusiastic over the long-looked-for opportunity to go into the water. They came too late the previous day for a dip in the surf, so Anna was up early and as she put on her bathing suit while the rest were at breakfast some one questioned her as to her haste.

"Well, you see," replied the thoughtful child, "I want to hurry and go in before so many people get in and get the water cold."

NO HEALTHY SKIN LEFT

"My little son, a boy of five, broke out with an itching rash. Three doctors prescribed for him, but he kept getting worse until we could not keep him any more. They finally advised me to try a certain medical college, but its treatment did no good. At the time I was induced to try Cuticura he was so bad that I had to cut his hair off and put the Cuticura Ointment on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body that was not affected. He was one mass of sores. The bandages used to stick to his skin and in removing them it used to take the skin off with them, and the screams from the poor child were heart-breaking. I began to think that he would never get well, but after the second application of Cuticura Ointment I began to see signs of improvement, and with the third and fourth applications the sores commenced to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but it finally yielded to the treatment. Now I can say that he is entirely cured, and a stronger and healthier boy than you have ever seen. He is today, twelve years of age, since the cure was effected. Robert Wattam, 1145 - Port-Elgin-St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9, 1904."

The Gully Party. Cook (to her young man) - Here, take the rest of the roast duck. (Sighs.) Poor pussy!

Young Man - What has the cat got to do with it?

Cook - Well, she'll be blamed for it tomorrow. - Filigende Blatter.

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTOR OIL, and see sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

It is wise man who knows his own business, and a wiser man who thoroughly attends to it. - H. L. Wayland.

If Your Eyes Bother You. get a box of PETTIT'S EYE-SALVE, all reliable, most successful eye remedy made. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Made Sure of Death. A student of a school in Shinsu, Japan, recently committed suicide by jumping from the crater of Asama-yama. The tragedy was not discovered until three days after, when his remains were found by the fields near the crater were picked up.

AFTER SUFFERING FOR YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Park Rapids, Minn. - "I was sick for years and years while passing through the changes of life and was hardly able to be around. After taking six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I gained 20 pounds, am now able to do my own work, and feel well. - Mrs. Ed. LaDow, Park Rapids, Minn."

Brooklyn, Ohio. - "I was irregular and extremely nervous. A neighbor recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to me and I have become regular and my nervous system is much better. - Mrs. R. K. Kearsley, Brooklyn, Ohio."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory.

Many cases from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaint, including irregular menstruation, abnormal discharges, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it is free and always helpful.

THE INDISPENSIBLE MAN

Now and then a government clerk dies in a secondary position and his obituary is taken of his death beyond the bare comment that he served faithfully a lifetime in a certain capacity. In a way this may be a reflection on his usefulness. Probably men like Thomas P. Cleaver, who was clerk of the senate committee on appropriations for 37 years, and their relative obscurity pleasant. He began work

as clerk of the committee in 1873, when Senator Morrill of Vermont was its chairman, and continued to the end of Senator Aldrich's chosen time for retirement. He saw new senators come and veteran senators go, and alike he outstayed them. They had the honors and the victories and the fame, but he was indispensable. The sense of knowledge and authority over his superiors which such a man pos-

sessed, aloof from political changes, was perhaps his best reward. He was neither an accident nor a great statesman, but a plain necessity. In the various departments of the government such men are not infrequent. They are unknown to the public, their services attract no attention outside their sphere, but they are the indispensable parts of the machinery, when administrations change. It is often hard to fill their places than to stop a gap in the cabinet.

Raised Skyward. The suburban man was all sympathy. "What's the trouble, my dear?" he asked as he came home and found his wife in tears.

"Trouble enough," sobbed the young wife, "you know that five-dollar incubator the man sold me? Well, it exploded today and blew all the chickens through the roof."

"Oh, well, cheer up, Martha. The man said it would raise chickens, and you see it did."

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Man and his most constant companion on the desert of America, the horse, are comparatively poorly equipped against the rigors of the desert.

A horseman may go from the morning of one day until some hour of the next in midsummer and neither he nor his horse will incur serious danger; experiences of this kind are numerous. If the traveler is afoot, abstinence from water from sunrise to sunset is a serious inconvenience to him, and if he continues his journey, the following morning his sufferings may so disturb his mental balance that he may be unable to follow a trail, and by the evening of that day, if he has not come to something drinkable he may not recognize the friendly stream in his way. Instances are not unknown in which sufferers from thirst have forced streams waist deep to wander out on the dry plain to grisly death.

Scouting Indians have long used the bisnaga, and a drink may be obtained in this manner by a skilled operator in five to ten minutes. Some travelers are inclined to look with much disfavor on the liquid so obtained, but it has been used without discomfort by members of expeditions from the desert laboratory. That it is often preferred by Indians to fair water is evidenced by the fact that the Whipple expedition found the Mohaves near the mouth of the Bill Williams river, in 1853, cooking ducks and other birds in the juice of these plants by means of heated stones dropped into the cavity containing the pulp.

Crawford Ayalanche.

O. P. A. H. R. Editor and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Year \$1.50
Six Months75
Three Months40

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, SEPT. 29

HomeCircleDepartment

A column dedicated to Tired Mothers as they find the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Crude thoughts as they fall from the Editorial Pen—Pleasant Evening Reveries.

WOMAN.

Woman wears the diadem and mystic keys of deep and inner knowledge. Muscles represents material strength, but not the sign of human superiority. Woman's shining powers raise her above necessity for the armor of physical corporeity, the refinement of her frame revealing the swift vitality of nerve. Her scepter is spiritual, because it is founded in the security of sublimated authority. Upholding the masculine qualities in their realism, from the region of her lofty idealism. Woman's reign is the triumph of humanity, in the intellectual standard of her attainments and in the mystery of her supreme exaltation.

Her voice is rule; her smile, in empire; her wisdom is command, and her right is dominion.

The departure of summer leaves us sad, when we look around us and notice the absence of the treasured plants that brightened our gardens and homes. "Blessings brighten as they take their flight," and the quenching of so much sunshine and sweetness that we have enjoyed through the fleeting months of summer, naturally brings a feeling of depression. We visit the places once filled with summer splendor and find no more the brightness that was wont to gladden us as we wandered by the silvery stream. Beneath the wide spreading boughs of oaks that stretched their emerald arms to support the tender clinging vines now brown and dead. The air is full of echoes of departed joy, but to some the cold, frosty days bring a renewal of health and happiness, while to others a sense of something gone from out their lives. Though our nest has been filled and we mourn over empty shells so suggestive of joys and hopes that once were ours, there must remain in the heart an assurance that the summer will come again bringing with all the fresh gladness that has left us. Ah, no, not ended, we have extracted its honey and distilled its dew, and the song we fancied had come to an end is laid away to be put in tune at a warmer and brighter day. Nature must change her melodies. She sings in a major key for a time, but the plaintive tones of the wind as they rustle the dying leaves bring to us a gladness, still a soothing feeling, like some noble pain that is more elevating than the turbulent trill of the summer warblers.

LOOK FOR THE SUNSHINE.

How much of sorrow this life holds for even the brightest and most favored of human kind; how every cup has its dregs, and every life its shadows; how empty and unsatisfactory are the highest goals to which we may climb in the world's opinion; how the favors for which we labor so hard, with a single turn of fortune's wheel may be snatched from us. And we thought: is Heaven's sufficient recompense for all we miss here? With the heart that finds no restful peace in fame or honor, or even love, find a peace beneath the thorn, that will endure through an endless eternity.

We had begun to doubt when quickly came the thought, "Look for the sunshine" and with the thought, the sun burst through the clouds, and shone through the window upon the paper on which we wrote. The glass paper weight caught its rays and reflected them in a halo of colors as fairly resplendent as a jeweled crown. We rested from our work and basked in its light.

Look for the sunshine and it will come. The clouds are transient as things of earth; the sun is always behind them and sometimes when we least expect it the glorious light will shine through.

A WOMAN'S SPHERE.

They talk about a woman's sphere. As though it had a limit. There's not a place in earth or heaven.

There's not a task to mankind given. There's not a blessing or a rope. There's not a whispered yes or no. There's not a life, or death or birth. That has a father's weight of worth. Without a woman in it.

Women of the world are usually the queens of the home.

Let this light reflect around this revolving world; woman's real work is in character, her surest weapon is influence.

Every wife should be the mistress of her own home. But the grand mother and the mother-in-law should be the most welcome and the most respected of all visitors.

The unmarried woman works for necessity, for love of her dependent ones, for love of some beautiful or beneficent profession, for sweet mercy and charity, to the ignorant, for horror of dependence upon those on whom she has no claim—seldom for business, ambition or material accumulation.

While a man admires womanly beauty, yet in married life he admires much more—a good square meal cooked by his loving spouse; and let a wife have little or no knowledge of the art of housekeeping, domestic economy, or is a poor cook, be her husband rich as Croesus, her lot will be miserable.

Creation advanced from the simple to the more complex, from the low to the high. Man is later and higher than the fish of the sea, the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, and woman is later and higher than man—last and highest work of creative energy. In woman the dust of the earth reaches its ultimate possibilities. It is susceptible of no finer organization.

Don't Break Down.

Severe strains on the vital organs, like strains on machinery, cause break-downs. You can't over-tax stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels or nerves without serious danger to yourself. If you are weak or run-down, or under strain of any kind, take Electric Bitters the matchless, tonic medicine. Mrs. J. E. Van de Sande, of Kirkland, Ill., writes: "That I did not break down, while enduring a most severe strain, for three months is due wholly to Electric Bitters." Use them and enjoy health and strength. Satisfaction positively guaranteed. 50c at A. M. Lewis & Co.

Opera House Friday Sept. 30.

Under the patronage of Grayling Lodge No. 350 F. and A. M. the beautiful four act comedy-drama, "The Jolly Widow" will be produced by some of our best local talent under the direction of Herbert Labadie. Specialties will be introduced during the performance. And Grayling theatre-goers are assured of one of the best performances ever put on our local stage. Tickets are now placed on sale, where reservation for seats can be made, and in this week's issue of the AVALANCHE we give the full cast and other details.

1910 GAME LAWS.

The following is a brief synopsis of the game laws pertaining to fall shooting, and will be of some use to local sportsmen:

GAME BIRDS

Quail—Unlawful to kill until 1911. Partridge and Spruce Hen—Open season—except on public lands Oct. 1 to Nov. 30 inclusive.

Unlawful to kill more than 12 in any one day.

Unlawful to have more than 50 in possession at any one time.

European Partridge—Unlawful to kill until 1911.

Homing Pigeons and Mourning Doves—Unlawful to capture or kill at any time.

NON-GAME BIRDS

Unlawful to kill or capture, except by blackbirds, English sparrows, crows, coopers, hawks, sharp-shinned hawks and great horned owls.

WATER FOWL

Duck, Plover, Snipe and Woodcock and any kind of water fowl—Open season from Sept. 1 to Jan. 1, inclusive. Snipe, geese, brant, blue-bill, spoonbill, red-head, butterball and sawbill duck may also be killed between March 1 and April 30, inclusive.

Unlawful to kill more than 25 in any one day, or have more than 75 in possession at any one time.

Unlawful to kill more than 25 in boat propelled by steam, gas, gasoline, oil, gasoline or electricity, on sail boat, or to use any swivel or punt gun, battery, sink boat or similar device.

Unlawful to use gun of greater size than 10 gauge.

To Kill Canadian Thistles

Experiments conducted at the Minnesota Agricultural College have proven conclusively that a solution of sulphate of iron, when properly applied will destroy the leaves and stems of Canada thistles and will hold their growth in check sufficient to prevent the ripening of seeds.

The most practical plan thus far found for the thorough elimination of Canada thistles is to mow the plants close to the ground when in full bloom and plow the ground very shallow in August. The patch should then be thoroughly harrowed so as to expose the roots to the sun and air. The roots have great vitality and even when seemingly dead and dead will sprout and grow if the conditions are favorable. Ground infested with Canadian thistles should be disked weekly in August and September and then sown to winter wheat or rye. The crop may be pastured the following April or May, the ground then plowed under and planted to some cultivated crop.

It Saved His Leg.

"All thought I'd lose my leg," writes J. A. Swenson, of Watertown, Wis. Ten years of eczema, that 15 doctors could not cure, had at last laid me up. Then Eucalypti's Aches and Pains cured it, sound and well. Infallible for Skin Eruptions, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Boils, Fever Sores, Burns, Scalds, Cuts and Piles. 25c at A. M. Lewis & Co.

OUR Bargain Counter

Is full of Odds and Ends And Shop-worn Goods

To move them quickly, prices are marked extremely low. Don't miss this sale!

Sorenson's Furniture Store

\$73.80 (SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. AND RETURN
LOS ANGELES, CAL. AND RETURN

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. AND RETURN

One Way via Portland or Seattle.

Dates of Sale: September 24th to 30th, 1910, inclusive.

Reduced One Way Colonist Fares

to points in Alberta, B. C. California (North of Weed) Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Saskatchewan, Utah, Washington and Wyoming.

Tickets on sale daily September 15th to October 15th, 1910, inclusive.

To points in Arizona, California, Mexico, Nevada, New Mexico and Texas.

Tickets on sale daily October 1st to October 15th, 1910, inclusive.

For particulars consult Ticket Agent.

Michigan Central Railroad.

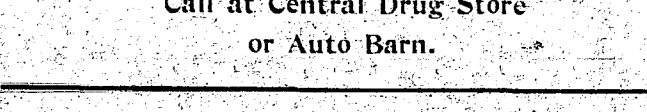
sept 22-2w

OLSON'S Automobile Line!



MACHINES FOR SALE OR RENT.

Call at Central Drug Store or Auto Barn.



THE LITTLE Meat Market

around the corner—the one that has the SPRINGLESS COMPLETING SCALES—the Honest Scale—and the one that gives satisfaction—low prices from me and the weight is always there.

Fresh Meats of all kinds—Beef, Pork, Veal Mutton, Chickens, etc.

For the cold supper or the picnic dinner, try my Veal loaf the best ever. Yours for good treatment.

The Little Meat Market

Phon Main St. NEXT TO CASSIDY'S BAKERY

GUY W. SLADE, PROP'R.

NOTICE

STATE OF MICHIGAN

The Circuit Court for the County of Crawford

In Chancery

Fred Phippen, Complainant

vs. Mattie Phippen, Defendant.

Suit pending in the Circuit Court for the County of Crawford in Chancery, at the Village of Grayling, in said County, on the 21st day of September A. D. 1910.

In this cause it appearing from affidavit on file, that the defendant Mattie Phippen is a resident of this state but is concealed therein, so that service of process can not be made on her.

On motion of C. Palmer complainant's solicitor, it is ordered that the said defendant Mattie Phippen cause her appearance to be entered herein within three months from the date of this order, and in case of her appearance that she cause her answer to the complainant's bill of complaint to be filed, and a copy thereof to be served on said complainant's solicitor within twenty days after service on her of a copy of said bill and notice of this order; and that in default thereof, said bill be taken as confessed by the said defendant, defendant.

And it is Further Ordered, That within twenty days the said complainant cause a notice of this order to be published in the CRAWFORD AVALANCHE a newspaper printed, published and circulated in said County, and that such publication be continued therein at least once in each week for six weeks, in addition, or that he cause a copy of this order to be personally served on said defendant at least twenty days before the time above prescribed for her appearance.

NELSON SEAR, Clerk of Court.

C. PALMER, Complainant's Solicitor.

sept 22-2w

The Pacific Monthly's Special Introductory Offer.

The Pacific Monthly, of Portland, Oregon, is a beautifully illustrated monthly magazine which gives very full information about the resources and opportunities of the country lying West of the Rockies. It tells all about the Government Reclamation Projects, free Government land and tells about the districts adapted to fruit-raising, dairying, poultry raising, etc. It has splendid stories by Jack London and other noted authors.

The Price is \$1.50 a year, but to introduce it we will send six months for fifty cents. This offer must be accepted on or before February 1, 1911. Send your name and address accompanied by fifty cents in stamps and learn all about Oregon, Washington, Idaho and California.

Address, The Pacific Monthly, Portland, Oregon. sept. 22-2w

The Lack of a Field

would have been about as welcome to A. Cooper of Oswego, N. Y., as a merciful lunatic would be to a sane man. Cooper has been suffering from a lack of a field for some time. He writes: "Nothing helped me till I used Dr. King's New Discovery which cured me completely. I never coughed at night now. I know it is a matchless merit cough remedy. It cures croup, whooping cough, asthma, hemorrhage, croup, whooping cough, or hay fever. It relieves quickly and never fails to satisfy. A trial convinces. See SLIM Trial bottle free. It is positively guaranteed by A. M. Lewis & Co."

Choice Meats

Fresh or Smoked

Delivered to

Your Kitchen

Phone No. 2

Have you tried our Home-Smoked Hams?

We sell them whole or sliced.

Yours for the

Asking.

Peoples Market

F. H. MILKS Prop'r.

Glenwood Vineyards Co.

growers of

CONCORD GRAPES

Manufacturers of

Pure Grape Wine

Vineyards at

Glenwood, Mich.

Storage at

GRAYLING, MICH.

This wine is made from Selected Grapes from our own vineyards. It is made in a perfectly clean manner. It is a good stimulant for all people. It has the proper qualities for a tonic for those who are weak or run-down. It is sold in quantities in wet counties, except by the drink, and is the only stimulant the local option law allows to be sold in dry counties, and in all dry counties it is for sale in not less than five gallon lots.

We respectfully solicit your trade.

Price—\$1.00—\$1.50 per gallon.

Represented by

Harvey Hill

at Miss Ballard's, on Norway Street.

AUGUST

Manistee & N. E. R. R.

Time Card

In effect July 23, 1910.

Read Down

A. M. P. M.

8:45 3:10

9:07 3:28

9:14 3:35

9:37 3:52

9:56 4:05

10:41 4:23

10:47 4:29

10:50 4:34 at Traverse C.

A. M. P. M.

8:46 3:10

9:07 3:28

9:14 3:35

9:37 3:52

What your Tailor?

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1908

We have whatever your taste desires in clothes. The Best Quality and latest style and a greater degree of Satisfaction all around are here obtainable, because all our orders are made up by

ED. V. PRICE & COMPANY
Chicago's Foremost Merchant Tailors.

You'll find no piles of READY-MADE CLOTHING, nor any last seasons fabrics in their immense institution. Your order is cut and fashioned in the style prevailing the day you are measured.

You get everything the very latest and best, when you let us take your measure.

Double-Breasted Overcoat No. 539

SALLING HANSON CO.

New Fall Arrivals

IN Ladies' Tailored Suits

In all the latest fabrics.

Never have desirable Suits commanded the recognition that they do today, and garments that are truly artistic stand in a class by themselves. Beautiful fabrics of rough Suitings, New Cheviots, Tweeds, Homespuns, New weave Broad Cloth and Novelty Cloth embracing every style of standard merit.

Russian Pony Coats

Skippers satin lined, all prices from \$12.50 to \$30.00.

A. KRAUS & SON.

LEADING DRY GOODS STORE.

1911 Announcement

The Overland line of Automobiles for 1911 will be the most complete and desirable ever shown. There will be thirteen models, ranging in price from \$775 to \$1875. These will include Roadster, Coupe, Sedan and Touring Types, together with the popular "Torpedos" in both two and four passenger styles. There are models for every possible requirement. The famous Overland Engine, better than ever—Shifting Gear and Planetary Transmissions—smart new Body Designs—The whole car classy, modern and built like a watch in the greatest Automobile Factory in America.

Local Agents Wanted for The Overland Automobiles

Here is a real money-making opportunity—a chance to represent the most popular of cars—a line that "sells on sight." We want good, live representatives in every town, square, bustling business men to represent us on a liberal agency basis. Men who will treat their customers fairly, and show our cars up for what they are. These are the agents we want and these are the ones who will make big money next season. The coming demand will be enormous—we have the cars that make good—the cars that everybody wants—why don't you seize the opportunity? The requirements are a little money and a lot of energy. Write today for particulars to

The Overland Sales Co.

254 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
Sole Agents for Eastern Michigan

THE COAST OF CHANCE

SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate, to be sold at auction, the Chatworth ring mysteriously disappears. Harry Cressy, who was present, describes the ring to his fiancée, Flora Glaser, and her chaplain, Mrs. Clara Sutton, as being like a heathen god, with a beautiful sapphire set in the head. Flora, especially when the ring is discussed, she attends to it with a keen interest in the mystery. Kerr, an Englishman, it comes out that the missing ring has been known as the Chatworth ring for years, and that a reward of \$2,000 is offered for the return of the ring. Harry admits to Flora that he dislikes Kerr. They make an appointment to select an engagement ring.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

In the middle of the block, sunk a little back from the fronts of the others, the goldsmith's shop showed a single, filmed window; and the pale glow through it proclaimed that the worker in metals preferred another light to the sun's. The threshold was worn to a hollow that surprised the foot, and the interior into which it led them glimmered so suddenly around them after the broad sunlight, that it was a moment before they made out the little man behind the counter, sitting hunched up on a high stool, in the same voice that barked his friends on the street corners; but the goldsmith only nodded like a nodding mandarin, as if, without looking up, he took them in and sensed their errand. He wore a round, blue Chinese cap drawn over his crown; a pair of strange goggles like a mask over his eyes, and his little body seemed to pulse as lightly on his high stool as a wisp, as if there were no more flesh in it than in his long, dry fingers that so marvelously manipulated the metal. Save for that glitter of gold on his glass plate, and the grin of a lighted brazier, all was dark, discolored and cluttered. Over everything was spread a dimness of age like dust. It enveloped the little man behind the counter, not with the frailness that belongs to human age, but with that wearied, polished hardness which time brings to antiques of wood and metal. Indeed, he appeared so like a carved idol in a curio shop that Flora was a little startled to find that he was looking at her.

"Harry," she murmured to Cressy, who was stirring the contents of a box with a disdainful forefinger, "this little man gives me the shivers."

"Old Joe?" Harry smiled indulgently. "He's a queer customer. Been quite a figurehead in Chinatown for 20 years. Say, Joe, hear bad?" and with the back of his hand he flicked the tray away from him.

The little man undoubted his knees and descended the stool. He stood breathless behind the counter. He dropped a jack-knife eye to the box. "Velly nice," he murmured, with vague, falling inflection.

"Oh, rotten!" Harry laughed at him. "You no like?"

"No. No like. You got something else something nice?"

"No." It was like a door closing in the face of their hopes—that falling inflection, that blank of vacancy that settled over his face, and his whole drooping figure. He seemed to be only mutely awaiting their departure to elbow back again on his high stool. But Harry still leaned on the counter and grinned ingratiatingly. "Oh, Joe, you good fen. You got something pretty—maybe?"

The certain of vacancy parted just a crack—let through a gleam of intense intelligence. "Maybe." The goldsmith chuckled deeply, as if Harry had unwittingly perpetrated some joke—some particularly clever conjurer's trick. He sidled out behind the counter, past the grinning brazier, and shuffled into the back of the shop where he opened a door.

Flora had expected a cupboard—but the vista it gave upon was a long, black, incredibly narrow passage, that stretched away into gloom with all the suggestion of distance of a jewel case.

She looked down the passage. The goldsmith went, with his straw slippers clapping on his heels, until his small figure merged in the gloom and presently disappeared altogether, and only the faint flapper-flap of his slippers came back growing more and more distant to them, and finally dying into silence. In the stillness that followed while they waited they could hear each other breathe.

Then came the flapper-flap of the goldsmith's slippers returning. The sound snapped their tension, and Harry laughed.

"Lord knows how far he went to get it!"

"Across the street?" Flora wondered.

"Or under it. And it won't be worth two bits when it gets here." He peered at the little man coming toward them down the passage, flapping and shuffling, and carrying, held before him in both hands, a square, deep little box.

It was a worn, nondescript box that he set down before them, but the jealous way he had carried it had suggested treasure, and Flora leaned eagerly forward as he raised the cover, half expecting the blasp of a jewel case.

She saw at first only dull shanks of metal turned upon the other, but then she caught gleams of variable light. Her fingers went in to retrieve a hoop of heavy silver, in the midst of which was sunk a dazed topaz. She admired a moment the play of light over the imperfection.

"But this isn't Chinese," she objected, turning her surprise on Harry.

"Lots of 'em aren't. These men glean everywhere."

She heard him dreamily. She was wishing, as she turned over the tum-

ble of damaged jewels, that things so pretty might have been perfect. To find a perfect thing in this place would be too extraordinary to hope for. Yet, taking up the next, and the next, she found herself wishing it might be this one—this cracked tag. No? Then this blue one—say. The setting spoke nothing for it. It was a plain, thin, round hoop of palpable brass, and the battered thing seemed almost too feeble to hold the solitary stone. But the stone! She looked it full in the eye, the big, blazing, blue eye of it. She held it to the light.

She felt Harry move behind her. She knew he couldn't but be looking at it. For how, by all that was marvelous, had she for a moment doubted it? Down to its very heart, which was near to black, it was clear fire, and outward towards the facets struck flaming hyacinth hues with zigzag white cross-lights that dazzled and mesmerized.

"Harry," she breathed, without taking her gaze from the thing in his hand, "do look at this!"

She felt him lean closer. Then with an abrupt "Let's see it," he took it from her—held it to the light, laid it on his palm, looked sharply across the counter at the shopkeeper, then back at the ring with a long scrutiny. His face, too, had a flush of excitement.

"Is it good?" Flora faltered.

"A sapphire," he said, and taking her third finger by the tip, he slid on the thin circle of metal.

She breathed high, looking down at the stone with eyes absorbed in the blue fire. It was too beautiful. The feeling it brought her was too sharp for pure pleasure. It was dimly like fear. Yet instinctively she shut her hand about the ring. She murmured out her wonder.

"How in the world did such a thing come here?"

"Oh, not so strange," Harry answered. "Sailors now and then pick up a thing of whose value they have no idea—get hard up, and pawn it—still without any idea. These chaps—and his bold hand indicated the shopkeeper—take in anything—that is, anything worth their while, and wait, and wait, and wait until they see just the moment—and turn it to account."

It might be because Harry's eyes were so taken with the jewel that his tongue ran recklessly. He had spoken loud, but Flora sent an anxious glance to be sure the shopkeeper hadn't overheard. She had meant only to glance, but she found herself staring into eyes that stared back from the other side of the counter. That wide, unliking scrutiny filled her whole vision. For an instant she saw nothing but the dance of scintillant pupils. Then, with a little gasp she clutched at her companion's arm.

"Oh, Harry!"

His glance came quickly round to her. "Why, what's the matter?"

She murmured, "That Chinaman has blue eyes."

He looked at her with good-natured wonder.

"Why, Flora, haven't you blue in the brain? I believe he has, though."

He added, as he peered across the counter at the shopkeeper, whose gaze now fluttered under narrowed lids; "but why in the world should blue eyes scare you?" His face looked indignantly to Flora's face.

"She could not explain her reason of fear to him. She only whispered back, "But he is awful!"

"Oh, I guess not," Harry grinned, and turned his back to the counter, "now" part white. Makes him a little sharper at a bargain."

But, in spite of his off-handedness, Flora saw he was alert, touched with excitement.

"Do you like it, Flora?" he said. "Do you want it?"

"It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw, but—" She could not put it to him why she shrank from it. That feeling which had touched her at first had a little expanded, the sense of the sapphire's sinister charm. She faltered out as much as she could explain. "It's too much for me."

"Oh, I guess not," he said again, and with that he seemed to make an end of her hesitation. She let him draw the ring off her hand with a mingled feeling of reluctance and relief. She saw him turn briskly to the shopkeeper.

"Now, Joe, how much you want?"

Just much she knew she was turned away with a fear lest it might, and a hope that it would be too much for him.

She lingered away to the door, through whose upper glazed half she saw the street swarming and sunny, picked out with streamers of red and squares of green. The murmur of traffic outside was faint to her ears. The murmur of the two voices talking on inside the shop momentarily grew fainter. She looked behind her and saw them now in the back of the shop, close by the grinning brazier.

The light of it showed what would have been otherwise dark. It showed her Harry, straddling, hands in pockets, hat thrust back, a silhouette as hard as it cast in cold metal. The aspect of him, thus, was strange, not quite unlike himself, but giving her the feeling that she had never known how much Harry smoothed over.

Whatever they were arguing about, she found it hard to go on standing thus with her back to it, and for so long, while her expectancy tightened, and her unreasonable idea that she did not want the ring, more and more took hold of her. If he did not want to sell it, why not let it go—the beautiful thing!

She thought she would call Harry and suggest it—but no. She hesitated. She would give them a chance, to finish it themselves. She would count ten pistils past the window first.

She turned, and there they were yet. They had not moved. The shadow of the grinning little Chinaman danced like a bird on the wall, and before him Harry glowed, immovable, but ruddy, as if the hard metal where he was cast was slowly heating through. The thought came to her then. Harry was iron! The hard



It Was Hers! She Did Not Believe It.

shade of his profile on the wall, the stiff movement of his lips, the forward thrust of his head on his shoulders gave her another thought. Was Harry also brutal?

What she expected of Harry, a violent act or a quick relaxation of his iron mood, she had not time to consider, for the shopkeeper had moved. He was jerking his head, his thumb, and finally his arm in the direction of the long, dim passage—such a pointed direction, such a singular gesture, as to startle her with its incongruity. What had that to do with the price of the ring? And if it had nothing to do with the price of the ring, what had they been talking about? Her small scruple against knowing what was going on behind her was forgotten. Indeed, now she was oblivious of everything else. She was taking it in with all her eyes, when Harry turned and looked at her. And oddly enough she thought he looked as if he wondered how she came there. She saw him return to it slowly. Then, in a flash, he met her brilliantly. He came toward her out of the gloom, holding the ring before him, as if with the light of that, and the flash of his smile, he was anxious immediately to cover his defeat.

"I had the very devil of a time getting it," he said. "The little beggar didn't want to let me have it. But there was a subsiding excitement in his face, and something in his manner, both triumphant and troubled, which his explanation did not reassure."

"Harry," she hesitated, "are you quite sure it's all right?"

"All right?" The sudden edge in his voice made her look at him. "Why, it's genuine, if that's what you mean."

It hadn't been, quite; but her meaning was too vague to put into words—a mere sensation of uneasiness. She watched Harry turn the ring over, as if he were reluctant to let it go out of his hands. And then, looking at her, she thought his glance was a little uncertain. She thought he hesitated, and when he finally slid the ring over her finger, "I wouldn't wear it until it is reset," he said. "That setting isn't gold. It's hardly decent."

"Yes," she assented, "Clara will laugh at us."

"She won't if we don't show it to her until it's fit to appear. In fact, I would rather you wouldn't. As it is now the thing doesn't represent my gift to you."

She felt this was Harry's conventional streak asserting itself. But even she had to admit that an engagement ring which was palpably not gold was rather out of the way.

"You'd better keep it a day or two and look it over and make up your mind how you want it set, and then we'll spring it on them," he advised.

But now it was finally on her finger, she did not want to think it would ever have to be taken off again.

CHAPTER VII.

A Spell Is Cast.

It was done. She did not believe it. It had been done too quickly. It seemed to her she had hardly felt Harry slip it on her finger before they had left the shop; that she had hardly shaken off the musty inclosed atmosphere before Harry had left her on the corner of California and Powell streets—left her alone with the ringing of the door.

She went over whole dramatic imaginary histories of chance and circumstance—woven about the ring, as she walked up and down the long, windy hills, westward and homeward, the blue bay on the one hand, beaten green under the rising "trade," and the fog coming in before her. With the experience of the morning, and the exercise and the lively air, her spirits were riding high. From time to time she had the greatest longing to peep again at the sapphire, but until the house door had closed after her did she dare draw off her glove

and look. It was still glorious. What a pity she must take it off!

But even in the refuge of her own rooms, the ring infested Flora with unease. The light of it on her finger made her restless. It wasn't that she was apprehensive of it, but she could not forget it. She could hear the maid Marrika moving about in the room beyond. She slipped it off her finger on to the dressing table, and it lay among her faces like a purple prism cast by some unearthly sun in a magic glass. She had jewels, rubies even—the most precious—but nothing that gave her this sense of individual beauty, or beauty so keen as to be disturbing. She slipped her jewel casket in a glittering heap around it. It shone out unquenched.

Marrika was coming in, and quickly Flora swept the jewels and the sapphire back into the casket, turned the key upon them and thrust it back in the far corner of the drawer. She would give every one a great surprise when the ring was properly set. She glanced nervously over her shoulder to see if Marrika had noticed her action. The Russian had been moving to and fro between the wardrobe and the dressing table with a drowsy thread of song.

All the while Flora was being combed and laced and hooked her eyes were alertly on the dressing table drawer that remained a little open; and presently she caught herself vaguely speculating on how, after she had been fastened up and into her clothes so secretly, she could dispose upon herself the sapphire. How had she arrived at this consideration? No course of reasoning led up to it. She was annoyed with herself. It wasn't going to wear the ring on her finger, and show it, why did she want to take it with her? Lost, in her fever it might be lost? Lost, in her jewel box, in the back of the drawer! She blushed for herself.

Through the long afternoon it was more apparent to her than the faces of the people around her. She was restless to get back to it, but people talked interminably. At the luncheon they talked of Kerr. Flora knew these girls felt a little resentment that she had so easily captured Harry Cressy, for Harry had been more than an eligible man in the little city. He had been an eligible personage. Not that he had money; not that his family tree was plainly planted in their midst; but that without these two things he had achieved what, with these, the people he knew were all striving for. He stood before them as the embodiment of what they most believed in—perfect bodily splendor, and perfect knowledge of how to get on in the world; and the fact that he wouldn't quite be one of them, but after five years still stood a little off-made him shine with greater brilliance, especially in the eyes of these girls. It was hard, they seemed to feel, that such an apparently remote and difficult person should have succumbed so easily; and now that a new luminary of equal luster was apparent in their sky, Flora felt their remarks a little triumphantly aimed at her.

But between the thread of interest the table group were together, kept flashing up her futile desire to be away, to be at home, to see what had happened to the sapphire. Of course, she knew that nothing could have happened; but she wanted to look at it, to open the casket and see the flash of it before her eyes.

They were dining early that night on account of the Buller's box party, but it was nearly eight o'clock when Flora reached the house. And it was, of course, for that reason that she ran upstairs—ran wildly, regardlessly, before the eyes of Shima—and along the hall, her high heels clacking on the hard floors, and through her bedroom to the dressing room, snatched open the table drawer, unlocked the casket with a twitch of the key—and, ah, it was there! It was really real! Why,

what had she expected? She was laughing at herself.

She was gay in her relief at getting back to the sapphire, but at the same time she was already wondering what she should do about it that night—take it with her or leave it alone? Dared she wear it on her finger under her glove? Clara might notice the unfamiliar form of the jewel through the thin kid. Flora watched her curiously across the table that evening, wondering what was that quality of her by which she acquired. Hitherto Flora had accepted it as a fact without question, but now she had a desire to place it. It was not beauty, for Clara was pretty, like a polished bronze, she was careless and flavorless, lacking the vivid heat of magnetism. More probably it consisted in a certain sort of sweetness Clara could produce on occasions, a way she had of looking and speaking which Flora could only describe as smooth.

She made up her mind to leave the sapphire at home; but in her last moment in her room the resolution failed. Harry, of course, would be angry if he knew, but Harry wouldn't see the thing under her glove.

She came down to where Clara was waiting for her, with the guilty feeling of a child who has concealed a contraband cake; but the way Clara looked her over made her conscious that she had not concealed her excitement.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Spark of Horror.

They found Harry waiting for them in the theater lobby. He had come up late from Burlington to do more than meet the party there. The Buller's were already in the box, he said, and the second act of "Pagliacci" just beginning.

As they came to the door of the box the lights were down, the curtain up on a dim stage, and the chorus still floating into the roof, while the three occupants of the box were indistinguishable figures, risen up and shuffling chairs to the front for Flora and Clara. It was too dark to distinguish faces.

But dark as it was, Flora knew who was sitting behind her. She heard him speaking. Under the notes of the recitative he was speaking to Clara. The pleasure of finding him here was sharpened by the surprise.

Then, as the tenor took up the theme, all talking ceased—Ella's husky whisper, Clara's smoother syllables, and the flat, slow, variable voice of Kerr—the whole house seemed to sink into stiller repose; the high chairs floated above the heads of the black-pile like colored bubbles, and Flora forgot the sapphire in the triple spell of the singing, the darkness, and the face she was yet to see.

The stage was a narrow shelf of wood swung in that void, from which the voice came, and a bare finger of light followed it about from place to place. The sweet, searching tenor notes, the semblance of passion and reality the "kitchinging" Frenchman threw over all the stage, and the crescendo of the tragedy carried her to a mood that barred out Ella, barred out Clara, barred out Harry more than any; but, unconsciously, Kerr was still with her. He was there by no will of hers, but by some essence of his own, some quality that linked him, as it linked her, to the passionate subtleties of life. He seemed to her the eager spirit that was prompting and putting forward this comedy and tragedy playing on before her. She heard him repeated, vigorous, lawless, wandering in the voice of the mimic strolling player, addressing his mimic audience. The appeal of the tenor to the voiceless galleries, "Underneath this little play we show there is another play," seemed indeed the very voice of Kerr repeating itself.

The lights went flickered over the house, the talking voices burst forth all at once, and she saw him, really saw him for the first time that evening, as in her fancy, part of the audience; as in her fancy, neither ap-



plauding nor dissenting, yet with what a difference! He leaned back in his chair, and leaned his head a little back, as if, for weariness, he wished there were a rest behind it; and how indifferently, how critically, how levelly he surveyed the fluttered house, and the figures in the box beside him! How foreign he appeared to the ardent spirit who had dominated the dark, how emptied of the heat of imagination, how worn, how dry; and even in his salience, how singularly pathetic!

She felt a lump in her throat, an ache of the cruellest disappointment, as though some masker, masking as the fire of life, had suddenly removed the coverings of his face and showed her the burnt-out bones beneath. She found herself looking at him through a mist of tears—there in the heart of publicity, in the middle of the circle of velvet curtains!

He turned and saw her. She watched a smile of the frankest pleasure rising, as it were, to the surface of his weary preoccupation. Something had delighted him. Why? It was herself—just her being there! And she could only helplessly blink at him. Was ever anything so stupid as to be caught in tears over nothing? He straightened and leaned forward.

"Really," he said, "you must remember that little man has only gone out for a glass of beer."

So he thought it was the tenor who had brought her to the point of tears. "Ah, why do you say that?" she protested.

He continued to smile indulgently upon her. "Would you really rather believe it true?"

"I don't know. But I wish you hadn't thought of the beer."

He brought the glass of his monocle to bear full upon her. "Why not? It is all we make sure of."

"Oh, if it be sure is all you want," she burst out, "but you don't mean it! Wouldn't you rather have something beautiful you weren't sure of, than something certain that didn't matter?"

He nodded to this quite casually, as if it were an old acquaintance.

"Oh, yes; but the time comes round when you want to be sure of something. The sun never sets twice all over Mont Pélée; but you can always get the same brand of lager to-day that you had the week before."

He looked at her with a faint amusement. "No, no, I won't believe you," she stoutly denied him. "There is more in life than you can touch. You're not like yourself to say there is not."

He laughed, but rather shortly. "My dear child, forgive me; I'm sulky to-night. I feel, as I felt at 13, that the world has treated me badly. I've lost my luck."

"I'm sorry." Her tone was sweetly vague. What could be the matter with him? Then, half timidly, she rallied him. "If you go on like this, I shall have to show you my talisman."

"Oh, have you indeed a talisman?" he humored her. And it was as if he said, "Oh, have you a doll?" He did not even turn his head to look at her.

She was chilled. She felt the disappointment, that his quick smile had lightened, return upon her. She hardly noticed the rise of the curtain on the second little play, and the singing voices did not reach her with any volubility. She was vaguely aware of movements in the box of Harry's coming in of Clara's little rustle making room for him, of the shift of Ella's chair away from the business of listening, toward him, and her husky whisper going on with some prolonged tale of dull escapade; but to Flora they all made only a banal background for the brooding silence of her companion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HOMETOWN FILES

ZINC TOWN TO BE A MODEL

Will Have Elevated Railroad and Many Advantages—is an Immense Enterprise.

According to well established reports, Stephen S. Palmer of New York, president of the New Jersey Zinc company of Pennsylvania, who has been at Staunton, Pa., for several months personally supervising the construction of a new \$10,000,000 plant, has also arranged with the Chestnut Hill railroad for an extension from its present terminus at Kunklestown, Monroe county, to Staunton, to connect with the Lackawanna railroad.

Mr. Palmer's project is said to be rivaled in America this year only by two other great industrial organizations—one at Gary, Ind., by the United States Steel trust, and the other at South Bethlehem, by Charles M. Schwab. For many years the parent plant of the New Jersey Zinc company of Pennsylvania was in South Bethlehem. The workmen of the plant, many of whom 40 years ago came here from France and Belgium, to produce zinc, are the best and most respected craftsmen in the town. When, during the Bethlehem steel strike, the rioters assaulted workmen indiscriminately, Mr. Palmer decided to abandon the plant there and concentrate his industry in the Palmerton section, where the new plant was located and the town named for him.

The immensity of the enterprise can be imagined from the fact that the furnaces and reducers will be scattered along a range of five miles, and to adjust itself to new conditions, the Central Railroad of New Jersey has decided to abandon two old stations and erect a new one in the center of the works at a cost of \$100,000.

It has been decided by Mr. Palmer to spend \$1,000,000 to make an elevated railroad, first, for the safety of the workmen and their children, partly for economic advantages and to preserve the beauty of the town.

PARIS KNOWS THEIR VALUE

Smooth, Clean Highways and Beautiful Parks Are Profitable to the City.

Paris has accepted unflinchingly the doctrine that smooth and clean highways are a wise investment, and that so long as the work is done in a thorough and scientific manner, with an honest and skillful application of means to ends, the result is worth having, regardless of cost. The expense of maintaining, cleaning, and sprinkling the streets is greater than in any other European city; but the sort of pre-eminence that such a street service helps to secure is profitable in a hundred indirect ways, writes Harvey N. Sheppard, in the Outlook.

Paris has the richest park equipment of any city in the world. The area of parks within an afternoon's excursion is 29,000 acres, while farther away are more extensive public grounds, such as Versailles and Fontainebleau. It is impossible to estimate the profits which Paris derives annually from its parks, boulevards and public buildings. Bankers have estimated that Americans spend upwards of 500 million dollars annually in foreign countries, and it is safe to say that Paris receives at least one-fifth of this vast sum, the profits from which are as great as are the profits from pork to Chicago, shoes to St. Louis, and beer to Milwaukee.

The experience of Paris ought to convince the most skeptical that there is no modern community of civilized men which cannot afford to provide the most perfect public appointments that technical and scientific knowledge have discovered; well-made and clean streets, good water, proper drainage, convenient transit facilities, complete schools, and thorough sanitary organizations. No city should think itself rich enough to prosper without them, and no city is so poor that it cannot afford them.

Urban Martyrs

At a church supper a small boy was seen to turn pale and lean back in his chair. One of the waitresses asked what was the trouble, and learned that it was the stomach ache. "You poor little fellow, you won't have to finish that supper," she said, and asked the boy, "It will have to ache a good deal harder before I'll quit eating." Just this form of heroism will stand in the way of any wholesale movement to drive the excess of consumers in the city back to the country to become direct producers. They will complain of high prices, low wages (about twice what the same grade of labor on farms receives), long hours of work (about two-thirds of what our draftsmen considered reasonable), difficulty of getting work (when owners of farms are clamoring for help), high rents and board (when rent and board are offered in the country as a bonus beyond wages); but they are nowhere near the point of suffering at which they will be willing to leave the incidental pleasures of city life—Dietle and Hygienic Gazette.

Well Protected. "I think there is somebody downstairs, George."

"Well, what of it?"

"Can't you get up and do something? Put your head out of the window and call a policeman."

"Why should I do that, when I can put my head over the back stairs and call one? His number is 7238, and he's down there in the kitchen spooning with Mary, the cook."

Blissful Bickering. "John, I understand that you have been saying mean things about me to your acquaintances."

"Why, dearest? Everybody knows that isn't so. Why? I tell everybody that it is you that have made me what I am."

"That's what I mean."



What is the meaning of fidelity in love and whence the birth of it? This is a state of mind that men fall into, and depending on the man rather than the woman. We love being in love; that's the truth on't. If we had met Joan, we should have met Kate and loved her. We know our mistresses are no better than many other women, no prettier, nor no wiser, nor no wittier. "Is not for these reasons we love a woman, or for any special quality or charm I know of, or weight as well demand that a lady should be the tallest woman in the world, like the Shropshire girl, as that she should be a paragon in any other character, before we began to love her."

Thackeray.

The Parthenon. The destruction of this famous building took place in 1687, during the siege of Athens by the Venetians. The Turks used the city, and the Parthenon was used for a powder magazine. One day during the conflict, a Venetian bombshell dropped into the building, and the explosion followed which badly shattered the structure. From that date the renowned building stood roofless and exposed to all the inclemencies of the weather. For more than 2,000 years the temple stood entire, and in its ruins is the architectural wonder of the world.

No Bearded Stage Hero? It is sometimes said that the stage sets the fashion. But the stage is not omnipotent. It cannot present a stage hero in a beard—this season, anyhow.

Great Cities and Big Ones. A city can be great without being big, and if one-half of the energy expended by chambers of commerce and boards of trade in booming their cities were devoted to bettering them the results would be more satisfactory, even from a business standpoint. There are already a number of relatively or actually small American cities to which people of means are moving by choice because they are desirable places to live in or in which to bring up children. Civic virtue is becoming an asset that the shrewd business man will not long overlook.—From the American City.

Actors as Diplomatic Agents. In his role of the luncheon at the Comedie Francaise, Mr. Walkley put the actor above the minister, the politician, the ambassador, as an agent of international understanding and good-will, and until political questions became acute in other words, until our pockets are touched the claim holds good. If the arts are the chief bonds of amity, among all the arts the drama is at once the most, far reaching and the most national.

The Oasis of Love. The mind's eye shows us love as the oasis in the Sahara of life; so, together, two set out to seek the haven of rest in the great journey. But as the travelers approach, their paradises recedes; in just such measure as the pilgrims hasten, their Mecca retreats. Love is a witching, chimeric—a life's most beautiful optical delusion.

Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.
For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

DRIVEN FROM HOME

"Yes, Helen, we are leaving tomorrow," said young Mrs. Wilson, folding a delicate garment to fit a trunk tray that lay on the couch. All about the room were scattered evidences of hurried packing. "Sudden? Yes, but I was never so glad to pack a trunk before."

"But, Marian, I thought you were staying at home this summer just to avoid packing a trunk after all those months of traveling abroad. You told me that nothing could induce you to leave home again in hot weather."

"Yes, dear, I told you that in May, when you wanted me to chaperon you to Saratoga. I told it also when Margaret asked us to go to the seashore and care for the babies while she and Harry went to Arizona. I said it when Jack Carruthers asked us to take their new bungalow—and squab farm—with all the responsibilities while they went north. Home seemed delightful then—the only place to land peace. But the air castle has tumbled about our heads."

"Surely you and Dick haven't quarreled?"

"No, dear, we haven't." Young Mrs. Wilson sank wearily down by an empty trunk. "We've been driven from home—that's all."

"Dick telephoned me about two hours ago," explained she. "Pack up," he said. "We can beat it if we leave tomorrow. Put in anything for me. But you'd better put in all sorts for you, as we don't know yet what we're up against. Carruthers' bill of lading came this minute. I'm writing across it 'Not in town.' After that it's up to the express people. Then he hung up the receiver. And I'm packing in bitterness of spirit, though I'm almost glad to be driven away."

"Yes, driven, literally! Mrs. Marks started it the second week in May, when she brought over her ferns. 'Put them on your porch,' she said. 'I can't bear to leave them to Sarah, for she forgets to water them. And the greenhouses charge for keeping them.' So I took the ferns and was really glad to have them till they developed parasites and died one by one in spite of all I could do."

"Then Mrs. Martin came. Could I keep her canary? He was such a dear and I would love him and his beautiful song. She was afraid to leave him at a fancier's, where he wouldn't get individual care. So I took Trilix. Trilix sang not at all in the daytime. But when night came he broke into chirps and thrills and sang straight through till morning. We hung shawls on his cage, and even threw water on him, but he sang for two weeks all night long."

"Then Mrs. Jackson brought her Angora cats—two of them—since we were such cat lovers, and they were so sweet and such company for those who stayed at home. I kept them not for two weeks, but for four. The last week Billy Wilson's collie arrived and made our home a place of growls and snarls and fighting, with Dick and myself constantly rescuing the cats from the dog or the dog from the cats."

"George Hilton asked Dick to come over evenings for two weeks, and water his lawn. Then he was such a dear to take special care of the shrubbery. And Louise left her flower boxes in my care, since we lived across porches and she knew she could depend on me. Margaret and the babies stopped two weeks on their way west. I had sent Tillie away for a vacation and couldn't find her, so I had the cooking on my hands along with the rest. Oh, it's been a beautiful summer!"

"But what about this bill of lading?"

"Oh, that! Mother and father borrowed our automobile for a tour of the Wisconsin lakes. They stopped at Jack Carruthers' place last week, and yesterday he was expressing two dozen of his best pheasants down to us to be cared for while he and Maudie went to Canada. Included was the list of instructions as to diet. Jack wrote that father had said our garage was empty and it seemed to Jack just the place for the birds, as his man had deserted and the care of them would be really next to nothing for us."

"The bill of lading came today. We shall escape them by an evening train. Summer at home? Never again!"

Intelligent Education.

The day of superficial education and instruction is rapidly passing and boy and girl alike are realizing even more clearly than their parents that they must find themselves for the strenuous competition of the age. Whether the girl fight the battle for herself alone, or whether she enters the struggle by the side of the man, there is necessity for that intelligent co-operation which alone can bring success from the problems of life.

A Clean Score.

The Man—A good concert? Well, I guess I am! Only tipped over twice in my life!

The Maid—How many times have you been out?

The Man—Twice—Puck.

A Wonderful Fan.

It is a Kansas woman who has a patent on a fan provided with a sheet of absorbent material to hold water to cool the air which it agitates.

MODERN ROMANCE

"They were sitting on the old sea wall. The waves were washing the harbor posts before them and behind them a green knoll cut off the swirl of automobiles that swarmed on the drive."

"It's the spirit of graft," the man was saying, "that is at the root of it all—this constant pursuit of men by such grasping girls as she."

"That sounds—perfectly—terrible," murmured the girl at his side. "But you have had an experience with her that would kill all thoughts of beautiful things."

"Beautiful things!" exclaimed the man, bitterly. "I suppose you mean soul attraction, romance, sentiment. Why, I don't believe there's a woman living today who has an idea what those words mean. At least those who get engaged to fellows are born without the knowledge."

"I wonder if you can be right," said the girl, drawing her delicate scarf about her and shivering slightly. "Has the spirit of all things changed before the mercenary rush of modern times? Or is it a fight for individuality that makes an engaged girl seem—"

"It's a fight for what she most wants," answered the man. "First it's the ring—that from olden days of course—went on the man. After that it's anything. So a fellow is in the race, keeping up with the others, before he knows it."

"Ford Wilson kept her in face powder. Dick Kelly bought handbags for her. Walter Fassett gave her handkerchiefs. She gave her soiled gloves to Frank Hiller when she wanted them cleaned, and he always sent her half a dozen pairs in return. It was what she expected."

"And you—what did you give her?"

"Violates at first. That's the way she started me. She said she loved them. Soon, however, it wasn't flowers at all, but perfume. I became her perfume man. I tried to give her something else, but she had always just been given one of everything else by another man, so there was nothing left to do but say as all the others did—'Well, what do you want?'—and she would answer, 'Perfume, Harry, for you.'"

"I got sore. It was the spirit of the thing, I tell you. She was out of perfume and she wanted me to buy it gratis!"

"Men are always too generous," put in the girl. "But how any girl could take advantage of just that quality that means so much of character—"

"Oh, of course a fellow likes to share. He's a pretty poor sort if he doesn't. A girl has a right to expect generosity. It's a dictation that gets on my nerves. Why, she said countless times, 'Don't bring candy to night. Harry, bring some of those sweet gold hairpins that your sister wears. She'll tell you where to get them.' Or some such thing. That's why we broke off and it's the reason of all the heartache of the broken-off affair of today."

"And she?"

"She's engaged to Dick Kelly now—needs another handbag! But this sort of ending has its advantage. There are no broken hearts. When it's all over it's done. Romance dies a violent death. And I don't blame her so much. It's her environment."

"I keep thinking of mother's romance," said the girl, after a pause. "It had the same foundation—flowers. She loved lavender because she had a spray of it in her hair when father first passed her. All her life she has worn lavender for him. He has given her some wonderful amethysts, but the jewels are as nothing to her compared to the little plant of lavender he brought her from the old garden one anniversary. How different it all is!"

"Say, do you care for that sort of thing?" asked the man quickly. "I've been more or less of a brute today—but I haven't cared. It's seemed all so deadly over. I never really cared for her—not more than two weeks. I always did think you were different somehow. You have your mother's eyes. Why can't we have an old-fashioned romance all our own?"

The girl turned toward the sun that had just rounded the grassy knoll and was full upon them.

"How like a benediction!" she said. "We only could!"

"We can," said the man, triumphantly. "Let's get over in the shade." "I knew I should have brought sister's parasol," she said, fretfully, as he helped her to her feet. "I do need a new one."

"What kind do you want, dear?" he asked, eagerly.

"Really? How nice! I love lavender," answered the girl, smiling softly.

Her Infallible Memory

"That is all," said Mrs. Seymour to the man who had been taking her order for groceries.

"Strawberries are fine this morning," he volunteered brightly. "I don't care for any strawberries today." She started to close the kitchen door, but the cheerful order man remained valiantly in the crack. "Splendid head lettuce," he continued. "Best we've had in a week."

"I have ordered everything I want. 'Need any eggs?'"

"No."

"Plenty of butter?"

"Certainly I have."

"Aren't out of maple sirup, are you? We've got in some new—fine!"

"I do not wish anything more." The door almost touched him now.

"Couldn't you use a bargain in oranges?"

"No."

"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Seymour, isn't this your day for yeast?"

"It is not."

"Tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, salt, pepper, crackers."

"Young man," exploded Mrs. Seymour, "you have one thing to learn. When I stop giving an order I have finished it. It is never necessary to ask me what I have forgotten."

Mrs. Seymour turned and found her new maid standing behind her, looking at her.

"Well, Lottie," she said, kindly, "have you finished dusting the library?"

"No, ma'am," answered Lottie, visibly relieved by the change in Mrs. Seymour's tone of voice. "But Mrs. Digby's here. She just came."

"Mrs. Digby? She's on the ocean—halfway to Liverpool!" cried Mrs. Seymour, hurrying into the other room.

"But there, sure enough, sat Mrs. Digby, Lottie's former mistress, smiling over the sensation she was causing."

"Don't you worry," she began. "I'm not going to ask you to give Lottie back to me and I really am going to Europe for six months, just as I planned. But the day before we were to sail an important business matter came up that will keep James in New York for perhaps a month, so I ran back to Chicago to look after some affairs of my own. That I didn't have time to finish properly before we rushed away. No, I'm not going to open my house. I think I'll take rooms at the Westerton, but I came straight here first to tell you about it."

"And you'll stay here, too," declared Mrs. Seymour, hospitably. "What do I have that big guest room for? I'm just delighted! You'll go with me to the Carleton musicale this afternoon. Come right upstairs. Where's your baggage?"

"That's the beginning of a busy day," Mrs. Seymour hardly stopped for a long breath until they were seated at the dinner table that night. Then she gasped.

"Marion Digby!" she exclaimed. "I haven't ordered any dessert for this dinner. I was just about to do it when you surprised the wits out of me this morning, and I haven't thought of it since."

"Don't give it a second thought while you have Lottie in your kitchen," was the prompt answer. "She's a positive genius for desserts and she loves to be left to her own devices. You see, she hasn't come and asked you what you wanted, as any other girl would. That's because she's getting up a surprise. She'll bring in some delicious whipped-cream concoction that will melt in your mouth. Why, I hardly ever ordered the dessert when Lottie worked for me. She did so much better without my suggestions."

True to this prophecy, when the time came for serving dessert Lottie began removing the plates with a cheerful serenity which augured delectable things. Every time she disappeared into the kitchen Mrs. Digby would hurry in another glowing description of this or that wonderful dish which Lottie had set before her unexpectedly, or some form of suggestion, until by the time the crumbs had been carefully brushed from the cloth Mr. and Mrs. Seymour and all the little Seymours were sitting with bated breath, waiting for the unparalleled treat which was coming. They continued to wait five minutes.

"It must be unusually magnificent and complicated," smiled Mrs. Digby. "But it will be worth waiting for. You'll see."

At the end of ten minutes Mrs. Seymour rang the bell. "Are you going to bring dessert, Lottie?" she asked, sweetly.

Lottie returned her glance with an other as sweet. Then she bent and whispered to her mistress: "You didn't order any, ma'am."

"I never in my life!" apologized Mrs. Digby in the library, after the family had finished a hastily improvised course of nuts and raisins. "After all, I'd told you about the nice things she could make, too! What does she say for herself, anyway?" she asked, turning to Mrs. Seymour, who had just come back from interviewing Lottie in the kitchen.

BELINDA IS ENLIGHTENED

Importance of Right Start Is Pointed Out by Her Wise Brother.

"Isn't it funny," said Belinda, practicing at the piano, "you start playing a thing wrong and you play it all wrong?"

"Why, not at all," said Belinda's wise brother; "that is true of many things besides playing a piano. Did you never hear it said of a man who seemed to be making heavy weather of it in some undertaking, who seemed to bungle and take wrong steps and not to be sure of what he was doing, who was struggling along and trying hard but not to very good purpose—did you never hear it said of a man in such case that he got in wrong?"

"Why, certainly; everything depends on making a good start, that is to say a correct start; on knowing your ground and being sure of yourself, on starting right."

"That's one sort of good start. When we say of a man that he had a good start in life, we mean that he started with advantages, in favoring circumstances, with friendly surroundings, under conditions likely to promote his success; but when we start of a man that he made a good start, we are speaking of what he did himself; we mean that he was alert and keen, looking out for things, seeing that things were right and making sure; knowing the course, so that he could keep in the channel and go ahead without doubt or confusion."

"The man who makes a good start can go ahead with confidence and certainty, without fear and consequently without danger of getting twisted and tangled up on the way. It's just the same as it is with your practicing. See?"

Belinda didn't say whether she did see or not; but her brother's discourse having here apparently come to a full stop, her fingers fell heavily on the keys of the piano.

THE POETRY OF MOURNING

Interesting Effects in Jewelry Shown During Mourning Days in England's Metropolis.

Jewels are always of interest and these days of mourning in London have produced some very beautiful articles of jewelry for mourning. The agate and onyx are most prominently used in this connection. The agate is a semiprecious stone, and a curious mixture of minerals. It has a touch of Jasper, quartz, amethyst, chalcedony, and carnelian in its composition. And it appears in several forms—in clouded yellow, in a beautiful smoke shade, and in the black variety known as fibrous agate. These two last are used for mourning. And the onyx is really an agate, formed of alternate stripes of dark and white chalcedony.

At a noted jeweler's among some exquisite ornaments were seen a brooch in the form of a hollow circle formed of onyxes set in small diamonds, and an inch-wide, pliable bracelet had one row of onyxes between two rows of pearls, and an oval-shaped chain of diamonds. And best of all was a long necklace, made of the finest oxidized steel and jeweled at intervals with large, round amethysts alternated with pearls, each pearl having a band of small diamonds. There were other ornaments composed of black enamel, pearls, and diamonds, and the necklaces on view were formed either of oxidized steel or of platinum. Such things as these are the poetry of mourning.

Writing in Bible Times.

Prof. Flinders Petrie says that there is nothing abnormal, nothing to be questioned; in the general outlines of the Bible story of the exodus. He contends that the spread of writings in these days has been enormously underestimated.

"It is my firm conviction," he says, "that the Bible of a century ago was far more brilliant than the eastern world in Bible times. We have for instance, a papyrus containing a cook's account, and a very clumsy account of the reckoning all wrong, but it shows that even a common servant of those days knew how to write. We have another containing a petition from a peasant. These things are extremely important, as showing the probability of documentary records of a historical nature existing at the time. Jewish Chronicle.

Girl Guides in England.

Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, daughter of Gen. Sir Baden-Powell, is president of the B. P. Girl Guides, the object of which is to teach girls to do a good turn daily. The girl guides are taught gardening and housework, and will be ready to go to the colonies as needed, and are taught first aid to the injured and other hospital work. They are enrolled between the ages of 11 and 15 and eight girls form a patrol; the leader to be more than 21. Three patrols form a company, with a captain and lieutenant each over 21. Local committees of ladies will train the girls, whose parents must consent.

As Directed.

A widow called on a maker of monuments to arrange about her husband's tombstone.

"And I want it to say 'To My Husband' in an appropriate place," she told him.

"All right, ma'am," answered the man.

"This is how it read when put up: 'To My Husband. In an Appropriate Place.'—Tit-Bits.

STAY AWAY FROM THIS CLUB

If You Are Not Glib of Tongue You'll Find the Initiation Expensive.

"I have just been initiated into the club with the longest name of any club in the world," said the Staten Island man. "And I might remark incidentally that the initiation cost me 16 quarts of champagne."

The name of this wonderful organization, omitting the commas, is the High Ball Bend Booze Glee Yacht Chemical Engine Cornerstone Pousse Cafe Brook Trout and Colonel Garcia Club of Staten Island. Now say it quickly just from memory. It is really quite easy—only needs a little practice.

"You can't, eh? Well, take my advice and stay away from the gang that hangs out in the vicinity of High Ball Bend, which is that portion of Richmond terrace immediately adjacent to the St. George ferry."

"The gam is to get a fellow into the clutches of that crowd, fire about six drinks into him, spring the name of the club on him, and ask him if he wants to join. Just about that time he is perhaps willing to join anything, and he says yes."

"The only entrance fee is to be able to repeat from memory the complicated name of the club. If you fall down it costs you wine for the crowd. And there are some other rules and penalties."

"The object of the organization? No, it isn't exactly to further the municipal interests of the Borough of Richmond. It is simply to initiate new members."—New York Times.

WHALE STRANGLES ITSELF

Meets Death as Result of Colliding With Wire Rope While Feeding.

From Seattle comes a remarkable story, brought into port by a cable repair ship. This ship had been sent north along the coast of Alaska to repair the cable, because during the last winter difficulty had been experienced in sending and receiving messages.

The vessel picked up the cable connecting Valdez and Sitka a few miles off Cook inlet not far from Sitka. The crew never had such a time hauling a cable on board as they did that day on the Alaska coast. Finally the cause of the great weight was found.

Some time during the winter a whale, feeding on the bottom of the ocean with wide-open mouth, collided with the wire rope.

Unable to shake the big wire from the mass of whalebone in its jaws, the big fish "turned turtle," rolled over once, turned round, rolled again and died.

In these few moments the fish proved himself his own hangman, for the cable was twisted tighter about the head of the whale than any mortal could have twisted it with the most powerful machinery.

The whale drowned and the carcass was devoured on the bottom of the ocean by other fish. The crew of the cable repair ship hauled up an immense load of whalebone, and found a great twist in the government cable that had been the cause of the unusual difficulty in sending messages to and from either end of the rope.

Bible and Obsolete Words.

The centenary edition of the English authorized edition of the Bible, over which there was a conference of learned men in Princeton last week, is to have some changes. Where the meaning of words has changed, the text is to be changed so as not to be misleading; where the old version is obscure it will be changed in the interest of clearness; where it is infelicitous in choice of word that will be set right and for words that have become obsolete others will be substituted. Damage could be done on all of these lines, but happily the work is in the hands of men of taste and judgment who will make no change for the mere sake of change.

As to obsolete words, it may be said that no word that is in the Bible can become obsolete. The Bible words live and undoubtedly the English Bible has done a service to the English language in keeping some good words in use that might otherwise have passed out of it. "Lo" in the sense of hinder is said to be condemned by the revisers, and perhaps rightly, but it was a good old word in that use of it—Harper's Weekly.

Tea on Wheels.

The greatest novelty of the Fete de Neuilly, which is in full swing now, and which stretches from the gates of Paris down to the Seine, is a novelty in roundabouts. This, instead of whirling around on pigs, on camels, rabbits, cows or other cars—the more horse has long been out of date on the Paris roundabouts.

Neuilly Fair provides a turning drawing room, in which tea is served in elegant surroundings. Tea on a circular tray big enough to hold the drinker and the room in which it is drunk is certainly something rather new.—Paris correspondent London Express.

Entire School Lent Abroad.

Not often is the American school with all its students transferred to another country. But such was done with the Baltimore Forest school, numbering 45 students, after George W. Vanderbilt had decided that he no longer cared to have it occupy his estate in North Carolina. In November last the school was taken to Germany for the winter.

SOME MAN SOME DAY

May Make A Medicine To Cure Bright's Disease Rheumatism, Stomach And Bladder Trouble The Equal of

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J. F. Roe, 41 E. Main St. Battle Creek, Mich., says: "I bought a bottle of San-Jak from P. A. Sweeney, the druggist of Lapeer. I felt I was 100 years old with great distress of the stomach and a drowsy, sleepy feeling, which the medicine has corrected. I cheerfully permit the use of this letter for the benefit of others."

Edgar S. Hough.

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Probate Notice.

STATE OF MICHIGAN

The Probate Court for the County of Crawford.

In the matter of the estate of John Bellow, mentally incompetent.

Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of an order of said court, made on the first day of August A. D. 1910, I shall sell, at public auction, on the 10th day of October A. D. 1910, at one o'clock in the afternoon at the Court House in the Village of Grayling, in said county, the interest of said estate, in the following described real estate, to wit: The south-west quarter (1/4) of section two (2), township twenty-five (25), north of range two (2) west in the County of Crawford and State of Michigan.

Dated this eighth day of August A. D. 1910.

JAMES J. COLLEN, Guardian.

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Have you Kidney, Liver, Stomach or Bladder Trouble?

Are you a Rheumatic, with Backache, Varicose and Swollen Limbs?

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San-Jak is sold by the Central Drug Store, Grayling, Mich.

Mfg. by San-Jack Co. Chicago, Ill.